

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

The following is a specimen of Irish oratory, delivered at a public meeting held a few days since at Limerick, for the purpose of founding a college in that city. The college was to be established on the ultra-radical principle, but the conservatives met in force and defeated the scheme. The orator, Mr. Raleigh, replies to Mr. Munnell, the late conservative candidate for Limerick. It is taken from the Limerick Standard:

Mr. Raleigh: My time for speaking is come—(cries of "sit down.") No, faith, I won't. I'll go on, and no mistake—(laughter.) I was sorry to hear a most respectable young gentleman "waste his sweetness on the desert air." If he had the mind of a man, he'd have let it alone, and not made a fool of himself, as he did at the election—(hisses, shouts, and cries of "question.")

The Chairman: Adhere to the question, sir, and do not speak on extraneous matters. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Raleigh: What does the chairman say? Doesn't he know that I'm quite pertinent to the subject? (laughter and cries of "oh, oh.") There's one paper in town who'll say that I report me and won't, and there's another who'll do nothing without payment. By god, of the two, the one that does the thing for the money is the best—(laughter.) Our excellent county representative told you—(some person in the gallery here let off some denoting balls, which made a loud report.) Turn that rascal out—he's annoying my head.

Well—Mr. O'Brien told you there was three universities in Ireland. There's two in England—one in Oxford, and the other in Cambridge.—The Oxford professor came to Limerick some time since, and he gave me his card—(laughter.) Faith, I believe I have it here. Yes, here it is. His name was Cox, and as he wanted to know how education was going on in this part of the country, I gave him one of my horses. (Roars of laughter.) You may well laugh to see a poor apothecary at the head of William street keeping a pair of horses. (Cries of "how did you pay for 'em?") Well he went to the Monks' School, and he was so pleased at examining a barefooted boy there in Botany, that he became a subscriber, and paid down his guinea on the spot. He was a minister of the church established by law, and he was a man—(great laughter)—who wasn't like the bigoted fellows around me. (Oh, oh.) No much for England and Scotland. (Laughter.) I row come to Ireland, the land of my nativity. (Continued laughter.) Mr. O'Brien told you, a while ago, that when other countries were in darkness, Ireland sent the light to 'em. Larn-ed men come over to Munster. (Peals of laughter.) What makes you laugh? You heard of the women of Munster—they were the most larn-ed women anywhere; and when those of the far ways came, they asked a woman on the road where was the College of Munster, and she answered 'em in Italian. They went further, and asked another woman the same question, and she answered 'em in Greek. Another woman answered 'em in Hebrew. (Hebrew.) Oh, begod, says they, when the women are so larn-ed, what must the men be?—and the fellows thought it better to cut and run. (Great laughter.) If that college was established at Munster again, we wouldn't have lardings there who don't know grammar! or magistrates there who don't know how to read an act of Parliament. I met one of those lardings once, and sis I to him. Do you Greek? sis I. No, sis he. O, yea, sis I. Yerrah! do you know Latin? sis I. No, sis he. Yerrah, you boshoon of a lord, sis I, do you know Hebrew? Wisha, begad, I dont, sis he. Why, there isn't a language from Genesis to Revelations, sis I, that I can't speak, and there you are, you boshoon you, sis I, that don't know nothing. Yerrah, did you ever hear of Lord Brougham, sis I, or Lord Lyndhurst, the greatest men of the day? I hear talk of one of 'em, sis he. Which? sis I. Of Lyndhurst, sis he—of the "alien." This fellow was a magistrate; and if he was learned, he wouldn't be aiding perjury as he did in a case of mine. He doesn't live many miles from Munnell. But I am done, with him, and I hope he owes me nothing. (During the time that this anecdote was being told, the whole court were in one continued roar of laughter.) I understand gentlemen came here to oppose the resolutions, and that there's a man by the name of Elmes amongst 'em. I never seen him. Is he here, I wonder?—(laughter.)

Mr. Potter: Order, Mr. Raleigh, order.

Mr. Raleigh: Yerrah, Potter—(great laughter)—if you have a head, I have a head too!

A Case of Suicide.—Mr. Woodman Wheeler, of Petersham, Vt., was found hanging dead in his barn on Tuesday of last week. The cause of this suicide, as it has been told to us, is somewhat singular. Mr. Wheeler, a month since, was a hearty old bachelor, verging upon three score and ten. But, though old, his heart was not insensible to the "tender offices and affections of love."

In an unguarded hour, as it seems, he plighted his troth to a lady—we cannot say exactly how far. In another moment, "he did repent him of the rash act," and earnestly sought a release from the galling though silken chain. The lady was tenacious, and our bachelor generously offered one hundred dollars for a discharge. The lady pleaded blighted hopes, and, as she became her sex, would only accept twice that sum.

The repentant lover thought this extortion, and refused; the pertinacious angel called him a trifler, and threatened a suit for breach of promise. He took counsel legal, then of his parish, and—married her. On the day of the wedding, he left her, and never saw her more. The day of his suicide was the day fixed for her removal to his house.

"Liberty or death," thought the sighing husband—and, deluged of the fumes, he embraced the latter. The means were emblematic of his fate; to escape the clasp of a silken cord, he hung himself with a log chain.—*Barnes (Vt.) Gaz.*

Wealth.—Wealth in this country may be traced back to industry and fertility; the paths which lead to it are open to all; the laws which protect it are equal to all; and such is the joint operation of the law and the custom of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor in one generation flourish the rich of the next. The rich man, who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grandfather; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness and bitterness against wealth, makes war with the prospects of his children, and the order of things in which he lives.—*Edward Everett.*

The last Lexington (Mass.) Union contains the following advertisement:

For Sale.—Two bushels of Holly Spring back bills, for cash, or on a short credit. We will swap it even for seed potatoes.

McSloglin, McMatch & Co.

THE SKILL OF MRS. NELSON.

After you shall have exaggerated to the utmost the number and the faults of the gadding, gossiping and idle women, we still have a million of American housewives brightening a million homes and hearts. Mrs. Nelson is one of them. Her husband is not the meekest man in the country, nor by nature the most hospitable; but she makes up for all, like the erudit side of an account. In the exercise of the passive virtues, she finds her greatest happiness. She holds it as the very first duty of life to render her home delightful, first to her husband, next to her children, and then to all who may enter her hospitable doors. Early in life, she observed that several of her intimate acquaintances were becoming irregular in their habits. She and Nelson talked it over at length. He, being a rough man, declared it to be his intention to break off all intimacy with Lang and Shepherd on the spot. "O no, husband," said she, "that would be cruel; remember the money! A soft word breaketh the bone." Let me alone to bring them to their bearings; at any rate, give me a month for an experiment."

"You, Mary!" he exclaimed in astonishment—"you amaze me; surely you will not follow them to the bar-room, as Jeremiah Murphy does her good man." "No," said his wife, but we women have some secrets left still. Wait but a month."

The month rolled round. Nelson had hard work to refrain from falling upon the two more violently, but he waited the issue, and even kept out of their way, that the incantation might be uncorrupted. At the close of less than three weeks, Lang and Shepherd were two of the most quiet, orderly and domestic men in the neighborhood.

"Why, Mary," said Nelson, "what in the world have you done to them?" "I, husband? I have not exchanged words with them for weeks. Not I," she replied. "The story is soon related. I had observed for a long time that their homes were growing dismal, and I often told Mrs. Lang what I feared concerning her husband. Indeed, I had often heard you tell of his repeating over his glass the abominable saying, 'The devil's at home.' After my conversation with you, I set to work, not with the husbands, but with their wives. Simple creatures they scarcely knew what I meant. They wished, indeed, that the men would spend more time at home, and even wept about their late hours and rum drinking. But they were not prepared for my telling them that they must redouble the attractions of their own fireside and table—make the cheer better—the fire brighter—the children cleaner—the welcome heartier—call in a pleasant neighbor to tea—have a little singing in the evening—and even invite to a comfortable supper two or three of their husbands' tavern cronies. The thing took admirably. The wives triumphed—and I hope you are satisfied."

Though it is likely Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which had proved successful in saving himself from ruinous habits. And most earnestly is it to be wished that all our towns and villages were filled with such wives as honor and love the family institution. Every one has made the observation that there are many more women who are religious than men; but the final cause of this has not so often been remarked. Divine Providence, by this discriminating favor to the one sex, pours influence into social fountains. As are the mothers of a nation, so will be the sons, and in a measure the husbands.—*Newark Daily Ad.*

BUTTER MAKING.

A nice process of butter making, as practised by John M. Weeks, of Salisbury, Vt. is given in the *Pankee Farmer*. Mr. Weeks makes three qualities of butter; one, he says, worth twenty-eight cents, being the pure buttery quality, of exquisite flavor; the second, worth nineteen cents, and the last nine or ten cents, a gluey substance, and insipid in taste. Mr. W. heats his milk, after the animal heat has passed from it, but to what temperature he does not say, and then sets his pans in cool running water, and when cold, they are raised, and the milk skimmed in six to eighteen hours. We guess, for the gentleman has not told us, that the first skimming is made before the milk is put into the running water, or perhaps before it is heated, and the last, at the end of the eighteen hours. The butter is salted and worked when it comes from the churn, worked again the next day without cold water in any of the processes, and then packed tight in tubs lined with bags, previously saturated with bees-wax, and covered on the top with a clean pickle. The great requisites in making and preserving good butter, are:

1. That every thing should be cleanly in the whole process.

2. That the milk should be kept at a proper temperature, say from 45 to 55 deg., while the cream is separating.

3. That the cream should be taken off and churned, before its quality is impaired.

4. That its temperature should be from 55 to 59 deg., when put into the churn, and the churning should be moderate and uniform.

5. That salt, of the best quality, in sufficient quantity to suit the palate, should be blended with the first working, and the buttermilk completely got out by the butter ladle.

6. That the working of the butter should be repeated at the end of 24 hours, when the salt has become completely dissolved, and all the liquid extracted—and.

7. That it should be packed without more salt, to make it weigh, in stone jars, in wooden kegs or tubs, such as will not impart to it any salt or bad flavor—and in such manner as will fully exclude the atmosphere.

Butter made in this way, will be of fine flavor; and if put down and kept in this way, the flavor will be preserved for an almost indefinite period, kept in a temperature below 70 deg. Water, mixed either with the milk, the cream, or the butter, and especially soft water, adds nothing to it, materially abstracts from its richness of flavor, and we have no doubt of the position assumed by Mr. V. being correct, that milk skimmed at three several times, will give three qualities of butter—at which is taken off first being the richest and most valuable.

The common remark of our good butter-men is, that "my butter is good enough," and many think so, whose butter is very inferior, as the principal object of the dairy woman is, and as butter will sell according to its intrinsic value, every one should seek to improve. Not to please themselves, to please their customers, and not for the sake of "dilly here,"—*Whitaker.*

Direct Importations.—Most of our readers will probably be astonished to learn that a quantity of Eggs from France, "imported direct," are disposed of in this market, at a rate below that of the "domestic" article, commands, and affording a handsome profit to the importer.

[*Charleston Courier, May 3.*]

Improvement of the Missouri River.

We have been gratified by witnessing the efficient operations of the United States snag-boat Heliopolis, in removing snags, sawyers and logs from the channel of the Missouri river. The boat is under the command of Captain Smith, and has about thirty hands on board, and works with great power and effect. Its engine, timbers, chains, and all its works, are of the strongest description; its machinery is simple, but powerful; and its crew operate with great skill, regularity and celerity. It raises out of the mud or sand the largest trees, and draws them out by the roots; they are then specially sawed into pieces, and permitted to float off with the current. Some idea of the power of the boat may be formed from the fact that a tree four feet thick at the root, and eight feet long, which has long lain soaking in the Missouri river, can, with the utmost ease, be entirely extricated, and, in a few moments, cut in pieces and sent down the stream. Many such trees have been removed in the vicinity of St. Charles. The boat has been about fifteen days operating in the Missouri river, and has removed the principal snags from the channel between the town of St. Charles and the mouth of the river, and for a few days has been engaged in extricating trees above the town.

In many places where the banks are falling in, and trees are likely to be precipitated into the river, the trees near the bank are cut down by the hands of the boat, and the future accumulation of snags and sawyers will be greatly diminished by this means. This improvement will contribute much to the safety of the navigation of the Missouri River, and will greatly promote the prosperity of the extensive fertile territory on its banks. We are glad that our government has repudiated its absurd notions about ports of entry, and has at last determined to do something for this great national highway, even if it be within the limits of a State, and above a port of entry. Several years ago, appropriations of fifty thousand dollars were several times procured by the active exertions of Gen. Ashley, to improve the navigation of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers; but, owing to some very absurd constitutional scruples and distinctions, the President obstinately refused to permit a single cent of those appropriations to be expended on the improvement of the Missouri. If the improvement of the Missouri had then been attended to, many fine boats and much valuable property would have been saved, and the progress of trade and commerce in Upper Missouri would have been greatly accelerated. We have suffered much loss from the obstinate perseverance of our rulers. We are pleased that a more liberal policy is now adopted, and hope that all the snags will be removed from the channel as high up as Port Leavenworth.

[*St. Charles Clarion.*]

Presence of Mind of a Lady.—One evening, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre from the frontiers which divide France from Italy, and who were employed by that arch-fiend in all the butcheries and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of La Reine, in search of Monsieur O—. His lady saw them advancing, and, anticipating their errand, had just come to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door, and secreted himself in the house of a neighbor.

Madame O—, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, in a most gracious manner.—They sternly demanded Monsieur O—; she informed them that he had left the country, and, after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing-room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was altogether horrible; they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse-pistols in their belts, and a dirk and a sabre by their sides.—Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh, dissonant, patois language. Over their cups, they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew their dirks, and wiped from their handles cloths of blood and hair. Madame O— sat with them, undismayed by their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of champagne and burgundy, these savages began to grow good-humored, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable, and unperplexed, and hospitable behavior of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing that they had been received so handsomely, that they were convinced Monsieur O— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the good cause; they added that they found the wines excellent, and, after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission. Madame O—, with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night, and, after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and, overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she soundly slept until she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house.

Interesting Experiment.—The following method of obtaining natural flowers in winter, any day you please, we copy from an old scientific work:

Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In winter, or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over-night, and cut off the end of the stem sealed with Spanish wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors, and breathe their agreeable odors.

Ornamental Trees.—A damp, April day, reminds us that this is the best season for planting shade trees. This is not an unimportant matter with many of us. Owners of real estate increase the value of their property by planting trees in front of their buildings. Every tree in a city is a beauty and a blessing to owner and beholder; and as he is truly a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, so is the man doubly a benefactor who plants a tree where nothing was before seen but dust, ricks and stones. April is the best time for setting out trees, and every body, man, woman and

child, citizen and visitor, should be interested in this good work.

What is more beautiful than a green tree, and what greater pleasure can there be for the young among us, than to watch the growth of trees planted by their own hands; to trace, year by year, its gradual rising up, from the little twig or the transplanted shoot, to the full grown tree—stretching aloft in grandeur and beauty, shading our dwellings from the mid-day sun, and charming the eye of the beholder?

The green trees that adorn our streets in summer and autumn, have made Portland one of the most beautiful cities in the country. But there are many dwellings unadorned by these cheap and beautiful treasures of nature—costing nothing but a little care and a trifling expense, to make them useful and beautiful. The man who plants a tree, does a good service, not for himself only, but for posterity. It survives him, and is a monument of his goodness and good taste. His children will love him the better for the relief left behind. The community will think the better of him, and his friends and neighbors will remember him with gratitude. He loses nothing but a little pleasant exercise and recreation, and gains a laurel that each spring and summer speaks eloquently in behalf of the good acts of him whose goodness might otherwise have been forgotten. Some one says—

"When to the old elm's wonted shade return'd,
Then, then, I miss'd my friend—and mourn'd."

True, true, but it is a sweet solace to mourn over the old elm's wonted shade. It is the fittest of all places for weeping for the friend gone. The reflections of the saddest moments there, are but sweet remembrances of the good done by our departed companion. The "old elm," reappearing from the deathlike habiliments of winter, will remind him of his friend's resurrection. The fresh branches and green leaves that hang around him are emblems of hope, and the towering tree points him to the happy home where he trusts he shall once more meet, never to part with, the loved friend who has gone before him.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Some ingenious gentleman has, as we learn from a Boston paper, invented a machine for "disengaging the bones from shad after that excellent fish is prepared for the table." We congratulate him, and we still more warmly congratulate the "eating public." A new era has arrived. Philadelphia has put her best foot forward if there be any reality in this discovery, and he who has achieved this long step in the march of modern improvement may be fairly put down as the great benefactor of his race. The art of printing, the mariner's compass, and the application of the steam engine to the purposes of locomotion on the land and on the water, are pretty contrivances in their way, but we beg no body to mention them in the same day with the discoverer of this most important of human desiderata. To eat shad without the incumbrance of bones, is, we take it, a luxury that no Roman emperor ever dreamed of. The inventor ought to have a monument of alabaster built five hundred feet high to his honor.—*New York Commercial.*

A Most Humorous Circumstance.—Yesterday our turf market was thrown into a state of confusion by Gallagher, the ventriloquist, who, in order to gratify some friends with a joke, caused the ass of a turf seller of the name of Pat Jennings to be very eloquent. It appears Mr. G. was buying turf when the ass suddenly cried, "Pat, I'm confounded hungry." Jennings instantly got into a state of the greatest agitation and blessed himself over and over. "What can this mean?" asked Gallagher; "I don't know, please your honor, for I never heard him spake either English or Irish before; the Lord betune us from havin'," continued Pat, "I will leave him," upon saying which, the ass snorted and again said, "I'm growing mad with hunger." Poor Pat roared and fell upon his knees, and a crowd about him, and the ass was so frightened that he scampered down the street and Pat Jennings to this moment would not for love or money take home the sagacious ass. Gallagher and his friends thought it prudent at this crisis to cut.—*Galway Adv.*

Sparks, in his life of Washington, speaking of his intrepidity, says:

A person of lawless habits and reckless character had frequently entered upon the grounds near Mount Vernon and shot ducks and other game. More than once he had been warned to desist, and not to return. It was his custom to cross the Potomac in a canoe, and descend the creeks to some obscure place where he could be concealed from observation. One day hearing the discharge of a musket, Washington mounted his horse, and rode in the direction of the sound. The intruder discovered his approach, and had just time to gain the canoe and push it from the shore, when Washington emerged from the bushes, at a distance of a few yards. The man raised his gun, cocked it, pointed it at him, and took deliberate aim; but, without a moment's hesitation, he rode into the water, seized the prow of the canoe, drew it on land, disarmed his antagonist, and inflicted on him a chastisement which he never again chose to run the hazard of encountering.

Sudden effects of the Mind upon the Body.—Plato used to say that all the diseases of the body proceeded from the soul. Says Mr. Weld in his famous report: The expression of the countenance is mind invisible. Bad news weakens the action of the heart, destroys the appetite, oppresses the lungs, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face, fear blanches it, joy illuminates it; an instant thrill electrifies millions of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses giant energy; volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a single stroke.—The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals and occupying the chair of State. Muley Moloch was carried upon the field of battle, in the last stages of an incurable disease—upon seeing his army give way, he leaped from the litter, rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress of the United States expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion to produce it had suddenly subsided.—The recent case of Hills, in this city, is fresh in memory of all. He was apprehended on the charge of stealing goods from his employer, and taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils—he was carried out and died.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CONTENTMENT.—Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn; or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?—*Bar. Jeremy Taylor.*

FROM AN OHIO PAPER.

DEAFNESS.—MR. PRINTER: There is a man residing in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who pursues a new plan of restoring hearing and eyesight. By taking his advice people will find themselves so easily getting well; so easily getting cured; that they'll almost be at a loss to tell how.

"They'll almost be at a loss to know how their afflictions were overcome, and they restored to health and happiness again."

Why, friend reader, the regaining of health and of such blessings to those who had the misfortune to lose them, can never be paid with gold and silver and worldly things.

Indeed, the recovery of such blessings is invaluable; let them ever up to prayer to God, and not to man. For, it is to Him that praise is due, and not to the physician. The farmer giveth seed to the earth, but a kind Providence giveth harvest.

So, on similar principles, the physician giveth remedy to the sick, but that same kind Providence giveth health. Let us be thankful.

A letter below will make known to applicants the nature of help, and that for a fee of five dollars 'tis sent by mail free of postage. And if any additional help—any additional remedial help—should be wanted, 'twill be sent out of your own pocket charge.

The fee is merely considered a recompense for the doctor's time and mental labor.

More he doth not want.

And that which people get in return will be of more value to them than one hundred dollars of such dollar fees; and as a corroboration of the above, we annex a letter from G. W. Ellis to Dr. Green:

Dear Friend. Some three years since I made application to you to restore my hearing and eyesight, and at the same time for a friend of mine, Mr. Nelson, (earo.) who was afflicted with a great degree of deafness. I mention these circumstances to bring the matter fresh to your mind. We received your remedy, followed the prescriptions, and were soon restored to the use of our ears and eyes; our general health, also, improved in the mean time, by the excellent advice you gave us on the subject of health and long life.

A young man applied to me a few days since for information—he is afflicted with weak eyes—medical men here, in our parts of the world, tell him that the optic nerve is weak. I immediately referred him to you as the only man within the circle of my acquaintance who could give relief in such cases; and he not conveniently able to write, I concluded to write myself, and at the same time enclose the customary five dollar fee and request that which is necessary will quickly be sent on.

Be kind enough to send me one of your pamphlets on the subject of health, temperance, and long life.

Yours, in friendship,

G. W. ELLIS, P. M.
Granville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1853.
To Dr. Green, Bethlehem, Pa.

The Editor is informed that all printers who will publish the above will receive the remedy gratuitously. ap 20.

PAINTS AND GLASS.—Wetherill's pure white lead, in oil English linseed oil Ground vermilion in assorted tins Spirits of turpentine 8 by 10 and 10 by 12 Western glass, low priced Washington and Waterford glass, of assorted size Just received at

mar 23 TODD'S Drug Store.

NEW BOOKS.—The Spirit of the East, or a Journal of Travels through Rome, during a eventful period, by D'Urbant. Esq. in 2 vols 12mo. Sterling Pentateuch or the Hightained, by the author of 'Tremaine, De Vere, &c. in 2 vols. 4 Extra, the Nabob's Wife, a tale by Mrs. Monkland, 2 vols.

Conversations on Nature and Art, with plates, 1 vol. Just received for sale at GARRET ANDERSON, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets mar 23.

ELEGANT AND FASHIONABLE BOOTS AND SHOES.—Sign of the Mammoth Golden Boot.—JOSEPH B. FORD, Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, has received by the latest importations from France, his usual supply of French Calf-skins and French Morocco, a portion of which he has made into elegant Boots and shoes, and is prepared to make to order any article in his line in a style warranted equal to any in this or any other country.

J. B. F. offers to the ladies resident and visiting the Metropolis the following, superior of their kind, viz: Gaiter Boots, of any variety, with a beautiful assortment of colored Satin Ture, with colored Morocco to suit for making Gaiter Boots. Ladies can have any color they wish to match their dresses.

Christina Water-proof Boots lined with fur, a most desirable article for winter.

Also, the Quilted Silk Boots and Buskins, with cork soled Boots and Shoes made light and elastic. Slippers of every variety, for balls and evening parties with all other articles, usually kept in a fashionable shoe establishment.

To the gentlemen J. B. F. would particularly remark that he is, in every way, prepared to fit them with Boots and shoes in the neatest and most fashionable manner.—All the work of his establishment is invariably made of French Calf and Morocco Skins, with Spanish Sole; and having succeeded with great care and attention in getting lasts perfectly adapted to the shape of the human foot, and in securing the services of Mr. JAMES PARSONS, (whose superiority in cutting and fitting is so generally acknowledged,) he can with the greatest confidence, recommend his establishment to the patronage of the Public. Dec. 8

STRAW BONNETS. (English make.)—100 Straw Cottage Bonnets 250 Misses' Leghorn (cottage shape) 250 Ladies' Leghorn Hats Just received by

mar 9 BRADLEY & CATLETT.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR FOR SPRING.—300 pieces White Drillings (London make) 450 do. colored do. 22 do. fine Bombasins. Just received by

mar 9 BRADLEY & CATLETT.

BROWN COTTON SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.—We have received—50 doz. Brown Cotton Shirts 50 do. do. Drawers.

VERY RICH THREAD INSERTINGS AND LACES.—Opened to day 10 pieces wide thread insertings 20 do. real Valenciennes lace. Just received by

feb 9 BRADLEY & CATLETT.

VERY RICH FURNITURE CHINTZ.—Opened to day 50 pieces furnitures. Also—20 dozen real damask napkins. Just received by

feb 9 BRADLEY & CATLETT.

NET COTTON SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.—We have this day opened—8 dozen fine net cotton shirts 8 do. heavy brown net cotton drawers. Also on hand, 30 dozen brown cotton half hose, heavy 15 do gentlemen's dark night kid gloves.

PRINTS AND MOUSSELINES DE LAINES.—Just received 20 pieces handsome English prints 20 do do French do

NEW PAPER HANGINGS.—S. P. FRANKLIN has received by late arrivals from Havre, via New York, a part of his Spring supply of splendid French Paper-hangings and borders, of the most modern and beautiful patterns.

Also, a large assortment of American Papers, from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, made expressly to order.

The remainder of his stock, both foreign and domestic, is daily expected.

Persons living out of the district, and purchasing from S. P. FRANKLIN, can have their papers put up by an experienced workman.

WANTED, an active lad of from 13 to 15 years of age, of good moral character, who can make himself generally useful. may 4.